

To Everything There is a Season

by FaithinBones

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Summary: While uncertain of his future, Booth is assigned a case that may lead him and his team to a serial killer. This story takes place in the future so it is AU.

## 1. Chapter 1

This story takes place sometime in the future, so it is AU. I hope you enjoy it.

I don't own Bones.

Ooooooooooooooooooooo

She was nervous and tapped her front teeth with her index finger as she waited for someone to meet with her. Relieved when Booth entered the room, Carla lowered her hand and sat up straight. Waiting impatiently, she pushed three pictures across the table towards the agent as he sat down across from her. "Thank you for seeing me. I've talked to so many people on the phone and in person these last two days, I was afraid they were just moving me from one office to another just to get rid of me. Agent Park asked me to come in this morning to give a statement and I've been here for about three hours. I guess I was afraid no one would take me seriously."

Slowly shaking his head, Booth assured her, "No ma'am. We don't do that . . . My name is Agent Seeley Booth and this case was handed over to me about an hour ago. The agents you talked to did a little checking into the situation before they brought it to my attention. I want to thank you for your patience, Ms. Richard." Picking up the pictures, Booth looked at each one and then placed them back down on the table. "Could you tell me in your own words why you've contacted the FBI? I know you've spoken to three agents today already, but I want to get a clear picture about what it is you think is going on."

As patiently as possible, Carla tried to be as succinct as she could. Clearing her throat she began. "Well, I'm a barbeque competitor. Me and my husband travel around the country and we enter barbeque competitions. It's fun and there is some prize money to be made if you're good enough. We win once in a while but not very often. You have to just love doing it for the fun of it and to get bragging rights. You sure won't get rich. Me and my husband Joe are retired, so we have the time and it's something we've always wanted to do. At first we thought we'd do a few weekend competitions a year, but it got into our blood and we did more and more."

Carla noticed that Booth was trying to be patient, but he kept glancing at the pictures and she knew she needed to hurry her story along. "Joe and me belong to the KCBS . . . oh that stands for Kansas City Barbeque Society. They have four categories â€" pork ribs, chicken, brisket and pork butt . . . um, anyway, we've made a lot of friends over the last six years and well, Joe and me think something is wrong and we needed to tell someone about it."

Nodding his head slowly, Booth grimly pointed at the pictures. "You reported that people are disappearing and no one knows where these people are?"

Her arms now crossed against her breasts, Carla stared woefully at the pictures. "Yeah, it was Joe who put it all together. He asked me to talk to you because he's not really a fan of the police. He was in the military police in the Army and when he retired, he became a sheriff's deputy. He didn't really understand that he would be required to pander to politicians and he ended up getting fired for giving a ticket to the Mayor's wife for speeding. He wouldn't tear the ticket up and the Sheriff fired him, so he retired."

"I'm sorry to hear that happened, but it's not unheard of, unfortunately." Leaning back against his chair, Booth smiled at the clearly nervous woman. "Would you like a cup of coffee or a glass of water . . . maybe a Coke?"

Grateful that Booth was being so kind to her, Carla shook her head. "No thank you. I'm fine . . . Joe is very friendly and he makes friends with everyone. I don't think he's ever met a stranger in his life . . . he's one of those guy, you know."

Amused, Booth responded, "Oh yeah, I've known a few people like that in my life."

Her laughter a rich sound in the room, Carla shrugged her shoulders and turned back to her story. "I'm sorry if I'm being wordy, I'll try to hurry up . . . anyway, like I said Joe makes friends easily and we see a lot of the same faces in the competitions. It's a close knit community . . . so, we noticed that Gary Morgan didn't show up last month at one of the competitions and his crew mates didn't know where he was. They said he just disappeared and it was reported to the police in Austin where he lives, but no one could figure out where he went to. Then we noticed that Jason Wu disappeared and no one knew what happened to him and I guess the straw that broke the camel's back is when Price Thompson disappeared. Joe called Price's mother and she said he never came back from the Dallas competition. He just vanished. His truck was found in Dallas near his hotel room, but there wasn't any signs of foul play. The Dallas police tried to track him down, but they didn't find him and he never made it home to

Monroe, Louisiana. The Monroe Police tried to do a little digging, but it doesn't look he made it back to Monroe from Dallas at all. Joe kind of freaked out and he said we had to call the FBI. Joe and me think someone is killing competitors and getting rid of their bodies so no one will find them. Maybe they're burying them or whatever but something is wrong. There is no way three men just disappear from the face of the earth like that. Their families don't know where they are and the police haven't been able to find them. We think the FBI needs to find out what's going on."

Pulling the pictures back towards him, Booth rested them on the table in front of him. "Ms. Richard I need you to give me as much information as possible about these men. When was the last time anyone can remember seeing them and where, where they're from and as much personal information as you can give me."

Proud of her husband, Carla pointed towards the pictures. "Joe wrote what information he had on the back of each picture. He knew you'd need to check into it further and he wanted you to have as much information as he could give you."

Pleased at the work Joe Richard had done for them, Booth scooped up the pictures and looked at the back of each one. "Thank you Ms. Richard. I appreciate you coming in and letting us know about this. I want you to thank your husband for me too. This information will help a lot."

Clasping her hands and placing them on the table, Carla sighed. "Thank you for taking us seriously, Agent Booth. Joe said since Gary, Jason and Price are from different cities and disappeared from different places, he was sure no one was going to put it together that there might be a serial killer involved. Joe says that it seems that way to him anyway. He said it's possible that something else happened to them, but he doesn't think so. He's really worried that someone is murdering people and no one is looking into it. Of course, we hope we're wrong. We don't want these men to be dead. They're very nice and really, their mothers want them back home alive and well. Maybe Joe and me are just letting our imaginations get away from us . . . but . . . I really think we're never going to see them again, at least not alive."

Grimly, Booth assured her, "We're going to look into this, Ms. Richard. If there is foul play involved we'll find out soon enough."

Standing, Carla slung her purse across her shoulder. "If you need our help, just call Joe or me. I wrote our cell numbers on the back of Jason's picture. He is the sweetest man and when Joe called his mother to talk to her about Jason, she just cried and cried. We want to know where Gary, Jason and Price are Agent Booth. Their mothers need to know."

"We'll find out what happened, Ms. Richard." Opening the door, Booth waited for her to walk around the table and exit the door. Pointing at the agent standing outside the door, Booth assured her. "Agent Park will take you back down to the lobby. I'll be in touch." Watching her walk over to the elevator, he moved back to his office once Carla and Agent Park disappeared into the elevator.

Ooooooooooooooooooooo

Let me know if this sounds interesting. Thank you for reviewing my story.

A/N: To everything there is a season, Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

## 2. Chapter 2

Thank you for reviewing my story. I appreciate it.

I don't own Bones, not even a little bit.

Ooooooooooooooooooooo

"I've had Aubrey do some research on the situation and it doesn't look good." Opening a packet of sugar, Booth poured it in his cup of coffee. "Besides the three men that Carla Richard reported missing there are two other's missing from the barbeque circuits. All reported missing by their families in the last two years."

Curious, Brennan placed her coffee cup down on the table and picked up her fork. "Why did it take this long for someone to notice?"

Swallowing his bite of cherry pie, Aubrey answered that question. "Each man was from a different city. All of them were bachelors and worked for big corporations. Gary Morgan was the only person reported missing by his team members. For the other four men, it's a different story. The only one that really missed them were their mothers and their work supervisors . . . well and Joe and Carla Richard. Their friends in the barbeque circuit didn't report them missing because two of the the missing men had been talking about quitting and their friends just assumed that's what they did. When the team members didn't hear from them, someone tried to contact the men, but since phone calls weren't returned each team assumed that their missing man didn't want to talk to them.

The third and fourth man worked for a large international corporation and it was assumed they were transferred to another part of the country or overseas and didn't bother to tell their team members." Sipping some iced tea, Aubrey glanced at his pie but didn't take another bite. "It took Carla's husband to put it together. He makes friends everywhere he goes and when these guys started missing barbeque cook-offs, he wanted to know why. He tried to call them and when he couldn't reach them he called their mothers and that's when he found out they were missing, that they never came back from their barbeque competition . . . he didn't miss them as they disappeared though. Some of them only did a few competitions a year, so it took Joe a while to notice they were missing."

"I talked to the Dallas police, the Austin police and the police departments from the cities where these men were from and they couldn't locate them." Booth sipped more of his coffee and then continued. "I also called the Houston Police and they haven't come up with anything either. All of the missing men disappeared in five different places, Dallas, Austin, Houston, Kansas City and Shreveport. Eventually their cars and trucks were found, but the

police didn't find any signs that a crime had been committed in the vehicles. Three of the men stayed in motel rooms. I called the motels that they stayed in and the managers reported that their guests had checked out and nothing was found in their rooms to make the police think that anything bad had happened. Those men went to a barbeque cook-off and on the last day, they checked out of their rooms, took part in the final cook-off and then disappeared. Apparently the other two men slept in their RVs during the competition."

Her mind on possibilities, Brennan poked the cut up fruit in the bowl before her with her fork. "We need to have their vehicles brought to the Jeffersonian."

Slowly shaking his head, Booth informed her. "Can't do it. The cars and trucks were returned to the owners mothers. I talked to the ladies and two of them still have the vehicles, but the other trucks and car were either sold or given to another relative. The ladies that kept them have been using them and they keep them really clean. If there was anything useful in the vehicles then it probably isn't there now."

Determined to have someone look at them, Brennan insisted, "Booth, I can send Hodgins to at least examine the two vehicles that the victim's mothers have. If he finds anything then we can have the car or truck taken to the nearest FBI office so he can comb through them or we can have them brought here. I don't think we should overlook the possibility that there may be some clues still left to be found."

He was certain it was a waste of time, but Booth conceded he could be wrong. "Alright, I'll call Mrs. Wu and Mrs. Spencer and ask if we can look at them. I'm not sure I can get a warrant to look at the vehicles since the Houston and Austin Police Departments have already examined them and didn't find anything."

A little irritated, Brennan reminded him, "They aren't Jack Hodgins."

Amused, Booth patted her arm. "You're right. If there is anything to be found, he'd be the one to find it . . . I'll make the calls when I get back to the Hoover."

Swallowing the last bite of his pie, Aubrey placed his fork down on the plate. "You know . . . if we're dealing with a serial killer then it's going to be hard tracking him or her down . . . um . . . what we need to do is go undercover at the next barbeque cook-off. We can ask Joe and Carla Richard if we can join their team. It would be the best way to see what's going on and catch whoever is killing contestants."

Alerted by Aubrey's use of the word 'we', Booth chuckled. "You just want to go undercover because it involves barbeque."

A feeling of indignation sweeping through him, Aubrey protested Booth's assertion. "I want to go undercover to find a murderer and this is the best way to do it. Food hasn't got anything to do with it."

"Alright, simmer down." His coffee finished, Booth moved the cup to the side. "I actually think it's a good idea, but I think it would

work better if it was me and Bones. We're used to going undercover and we work really good together."

Disappointed that he was being shut out of another undercover assignment, Aubrey complained. "How do you know I wouldn't be great at it? Besides, Dr. Brennan is a vegetarian. Wouldn't it be cruel to make her cook and taste meat like that? They don't do tofu at barbeque cook-offs. It's real chicken and cows and pigs. Not soybean byproducts."

Her nose wrinkling, Brennan slowly shook her head. "Booth, I'd rather not have to eat animals. I can cook them when I have to, but eating them . . . I don't think I can do it."

Concerned for her, Booth rubbed her back. "Hey, you won't have to eat anything you don't want to. If we talk Carla and Joe into taking us in their crew we would be working for them while we investigate. If anything needs to be tasted I can do it. I promise you won't have to eat meat." Glaring at Aubrey, Booth reminded her, "You're my partner, Bones. We're great at undercover."

Brennan thought it over and smiled. "Alright. We do pretty good undercover work . . . Alright, I'll go undercover with you."

Disappointed, Aubrey's shoulders slumped. Sipping his milkshake, he was once more reminded that Booth didn't trust him completely. \_What's it going to take to get him to completely trust me? I thought we were past all that shit.\_

Aware that Aubrey was upset, Booth rubbed his tongue around the bottom of his teeth and finally spoke. "We still might be able to use you, Aubrey. Bones and me could work the inside angle and you could work the outside angle. You could go to the competition as a visitor. Maybe as Wanda's brother. You could walk around the competition, ask questions . . . move around between the contestants and see if anything odd is going on. You could also watch the visitors and see if you see anyone suspicious. Maybe between the three of us, we can find out what's going on."

Surprised and delighted that he was going undercover after all, Aubrey sat up straight and tried to look very reliable and professional. "Yeah, that's great. You could talk to the competitors and I could talk to the people that go to the competitions and maybe the other competitors too. Yeah . . . we might catch us a killer pretty quickly if all three of us are on the case."

Her gaze moving from Booth to Aubrey and back, Brennan finally interrupted Aubrey. "Why do you want him to go as my brother? We don't share any common physical markers. No one with sense will believe he's my brother."

Amused that Brennan didn't want Aubrey to pretend to be her brother, Booth laughed. "Okay, step-brother or maybe a half-brother. How about that?"

Conceding that would work, Brennan finished her coffee. "Yes, that would okay."

Not sure he was doing a wise thing by inviting Aubrey into an

undercover operation, Booth sat back and glanced at his wristwatch. "Okay, I need to get back to the Hoover. I'll make a few phone calls and see if this is even feasible. I'll let you know this evening if we're going to do this."

Standing, Brennan slung her purse over her shoulder. "If we're going to do this, I'll see if Max can take care of Christine and Hank while we're gone. If he can't do it, I'm sure Angela won't mind watching our children for us."

Booth removed some money from his wallet to cover his and Brennan's coffee and snacks. "Sounds good." Standing, he kissed Brennan. "I'll pick you and the kids up around six."

His money placed on top of Booth's money in the middle of the table, Aubrey's mouth salivated at the thought of all the barbeque he planned to eat while he helped investigate a possible serial killer. \_God, this is a dream come true. I love my job.\_

Ooooooooooooooooooooo

Let me know what you think of my story. Thanks

### 3. Chapter 3

Thank you for reviewing my story. I really appreciate it.

I don't own Bones.

Ooooooooooooooooooooo

Her spoon tinkling against the inside of her coffee cup as she stirred in her cream, Caroline watched Booth as he scooped the broccoli from his plate with a fork and dropped it onto Brennan's plate. "Okay Cher', I think you three should be good to go tomorrow morning. The Richards have agreed to add you to their barbeque crew . . . Smokin Hot . . . anyway, the next competition is in Lafayette, Louisiana this coming weekend at the Cajun Dome parking lot. You three will fly into New Orleans on Wednesday morning and then take a short flight over to Baton Rouge."

Her coffee growing cooler as she spoke, Caroline decided to drink some before it turned stone cold. The caffeine welcome, she savored the taste of the coffee and then placed her cup down. Poking her grilled chicken salad with a fork she continued. "The FBI field office will have transportation ready for you to pick up when you get there. Someone will meet you at the Baton Rouge Metropolitan Airport and hand over the keys to your vehicles. Lafayette is about an hour drive from Baton Rouge." Her eyes now completely on Booth, she added. "If you go the speed limit and I suggest you do that since the police patrol the basin fairly regularly . . . All three of you will be staying at the Hilton Garden Inn which is across the street from the Cajun Dome." Turning to face Aubrey, Caroline sneered. "You'll be happy to know it's just down the street from the University Hospital just in case you . . . um . . . get a little too enthusiastic eating at the competition."

His attention up until then on his meatloaf, Aubrey swallowed his

bite of food and turned to glare at the prosecutor. "Ha, that'll be the day. I've never . . ."

After he swallowed his bite of baked chicken, Booth interrupted Aubrey. "What about the cars that Mrs. Wu and Mrs. Spencer have?"

Her food beckoning her, Caroline held up her hand, chewed a bite of her grilled chicken and then turned her attention back towards Booth. "I've made arrangements for Dr. Hodgins to fly to Waco, Texas and then to Shreveport to examine the car and truck. Neither woman wants to give up their vehicles for a long period of time, but they are both willing to let Dr. Hodgins look to his heart's content without a warrant if he comes to them."

Placing her glass down on the table, Brennan nodded her head. "If there is anything to find on the victims vehicles, Hodgins will find it . . . I've looked over the police reports and it would seem the police in Austin, Houston and Kansas City did a thorough job going over the motel rooms, but it was already too late when they began their search, as the rooms had been cleaned a few times and they had been used by other renters . . . they found no evidence of blood or violence in the rooms."

Her cup in her hand, Caroline interjected, "And yet we have five missing men . . ."

"That we know of." Booth interrupted Caroline. There was a possibility that there were more and Booth didn't want anyone at the table to forget that.

"Yeah Cher'." Sipping her coffee, she found it too cold for her taste, placed the cup down and waved for her waitress. "That we know of. They were all unattached males who were only missed by their mothers and the companies they worked for . . . well except for Gary Morgan. He was missed by his team mates. If it wasn't for Joe Richard no one may have realized that something odd was going on. Thank God for nosey people."

After the waitress came by and refilled Ms. Julian's cup with fresh coffee, Aubrey swallowed his last bit of meatloaf and cleared his throat. "What I don't understand is if these people were really murdered then where are the bodies? Why hasn't at least one of them been found so far? It seems weird to me. It's not that easy to get rid of a body."

Brennan felt that blanket statements were offensive. "That's not true. I can think of several ways to get rid of a body and never have it found. All it . . ."

Not in the mood to let Brennan kill his appetite, Booth placed his hand over her hand. "Bones, I'm eating. Let's skip that part of the conversation . . . thank you."

Amused with her husband's dislike of the gory parts of his job, Brennan smiled, gripped his hand then picked up her fork to finish eating. "I will refrain of going into details at this particular time."

Caroline muttered under her breath. "Thank



God."

Ooooooooooooooooooooo

Their trip uneventful, Booth was glad to be on the road again after taking possession of a black Ford 150 pickup truck from the airport. The agent that had met them shrugged his shoulders when he handed over the keys. "I figured you'd want to fit in." Handing the keys to the purple Ford 150 pickup to Aubrey, Booth laughed. "Go LSU."

Not amused, Aubrey took the keys from Booth and stared sorrowfully at the truck. "God I hope no one from my alma mater sees me in this purple nightmare."

Moving over to his truck, Booth opened the back door and threw in his and Brennan's luggage. "Well Wanda, it's off to the barbeque."

After placing her purse on the floor in the front passenger side of the truck, Brennan slid in on the seat and smiled at her partner. "Yes . . . I was thinking I could grill some vegetable kabobs while you and the Richards cook your meat for the contest."

Slamming the back door shut, Booth hurried to the driver's side and got in. "No way, Wanda. This is a barbeque cook-off and no one wants to see anything of a vegetable nature on their plate."

Her eyes mere slits, Brennan turned her gaze upon Booth. "Since I refuse to eat meat, I am going to grill some vegetable kabobs. You may eat them or not."

Booth realized that Brennan was going to do what she wanted to do anyway. "Yeah, sure . . . Whatever you want to do, Wanda. Vegetable kabobs it is . . . just no broccoli."

Leaning over Brennan kissed him. "Of course not . . . I do like to go undercover with you."

Her kiss warm and inviting, Booth returned her kiss finding it spiraling into a very intense kiss. As his hand moved around her side, the sudden blare of a car horn interrupted their moment.

Annoyed with Aubrey, Booth pulled back from Brennan and started their truck. "We should have left Aubrey at home."

Turning, Brennan saw the younger agent waiting in his truck, laughing at them. "I agree . . . and I'm glad you gave him the grape jelly colored truck."

Booth snickered, pulled out of the parking space, rolled down the window and shouted at Aubrey. "Go LSU!"

Ooooooooooooooooooooo

Let me know what you think of my story so far. Thank you.

A/N: LSU is Louisiana State University. Their school colors are gold and purple.

End  
file.